MC2035 POOR DOCUMENT

PURITY FLOUR

If that name is on the sack you can buy with confidence

33

SHIPPING

ALMANAC FOR ST. JOHN, FEB. 6.

	A.M.	P.M.
Sun Rises	7.44	Sun Sets 5.33
High Tide	4.37	Low Tide 11.19

The time used is Atlantic standard.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived Sunday.

Stmr Sardinian, Hamilton, London and Havre; Wm. Thomson & Co.

Schr Priscilla, from Boston, ballast.

Sailed Sunday.

Stmr Bray Head, Belfast; Wm Thomson & Co.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Vancouver, BC, Feb 3—Ard, stmr Empress of China (Br), Archibald, Hong Kong, etc.

BRITISH PORTS.

Queenstown, Feb. 5—Ard, stmr Laurentic, New York.

Liverpool, Feb 5—Ard, stmr Hesperian, St. John.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Havre, Feb. 5—Sld, stmr Pomeranian, St. John.

New York, Feb 5—Stmrs Baltic, Liverpool; La Lorraine, Havre.

Boston, Feb 5—Ard, stmr Sicilian, Glasgow.

New York, Feb 4—Ard, stmr Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, Southampton and Cherbourg; Madonna, Naples, etc.

Boston, Feb 4—Ard, stmrs Cestrian, Liverpool; Cambrian, London.

Antwerp, Feb 3—Ard, stmr Montfort, St John.

Vineyard Haven, Feb 5—Sld, schr Manuel R. Cuza, New York for Rockland; Winnegance, New York for Eastport.

IRRIGATION CONGRESS

Already Preparation for Big Event Set for Next December

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 6—Plans are being formulated by the Chicago board of control to make the 19th annual convention of the National Irrigation Congress, which will meet here in December 5 to 9, of world-wide interest. President Taft has promised to speak at one of the sessions on the closing day, and, in addition, there will be representatives from practically every irrigated district on this continent, government experts, railroad officials, capitalists and delegates from foreign countries.

Former Judge Charles F. Fishback, a member of the board of governors, has interested thirty prominent business and professional men of Chicago in the work of the local board of control, of which he is chairman, and the co-operation of the people of Chicago and the millions tributary to this great central market is expected to be a tremendous aid to the movement, which has for its chief purposes the saving of forests, storing of flood waters, reclamation of deserts and making homes on the land.

"The National Irrigation Congress will have the support of our public-spirited men," said Judge Fishback, "and with the assistance of our friends in other parts of the country there is every reason to believe that the coming convention will be the most important in the history of the organization."

DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION FAILED; THE GREAT KIDNEY REMEDY PROVES ITS MERIT

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is one of the patent medicines that is better than many of the prescriptions prescribed by doctors at least it has done more good for backache and kidney trouble than any other medicine I know of and I always recommend it to my patients as I know it can't be beat.

I had a severe backache some time ago which could not be cured by the doctors' medicine. I am glad to say however that Swamp-Root cured me in a few weeks time.

So certain am I that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is a medicine of merit that I send you this testimonial which you can use any time.

Yours very truly,
JACOB DORNACHER.
Edwardsville, Ill.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of July, A. D. 1909.
SAMUEL W. McKEE, JR.
Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You. Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the St. John Evening Times. Regular 75c. and $1.25 size bottles for sale at all drug stores in Canada.

C. D. TRUEMAN AND HIS BROTHER DIE ALMOST TOGETHER

The community was shocked yesterday when it became known that one of St. John's oldest and most prominent business men had passed away in the person of Charles Dixon Trueman, of 292 Princess street. This news was followed closely by the announcement that his brother, H. Trueman, who returned some time ago from the West and entered the General Public Hospital for treatment, had passed away in that institution early Sunday morning. He was not married and having lived a great part of his life away from St. John, was not so well known here as C. D. Trueman.

C. D. Trueman had been in apparently good health though it was known by the immediate family that he had been worrying over the death of his wife, who passed away about ten weeks ago.

Thursday afternoon he was writing a letter to his daughter when he complained that his feet were cold and went to the grate to warm himself. Soon after he received his mail and calling his daughter-in-law told her that he was unable to read and that he felt a numbness creeping over him. She asked him what the matter was and he replied, "I have a stroke of paralysis."

In a few minutes he became unconscious from which he never rallied and passed away yesterday morning at 1 o'clock. He was 70 years old and was born at Point de Bute, Westmorland county (N. B.) He was the son of the late Harmon H. Trueman and was the eldest of a family of seven children. He was educated at Mount Allison Academy and about 48 years ago came to St. John, when he entered the employ of Jas. E. White & Bros., with whom he continued for many years, after entering the employ of George S. de Forest & Sons, who conducted a wholesale grocery on the South wharf. Leaving the firm of de Forest & Sons, he went in business on the South wharf for himself. There he conducted a wholesale business for about 25 years.

At the time of his death he was engaged in brokerage business in this city. He is survived by three children—Mrs. Jennie Hallett, of Montreal; Stanley, of Brooklyn (N. Y.), and Norman, of this city. The funeral will take place tomorrow afternoon from his late residence, 292 Princess street. The services will be conducted at 2.30 by Rev. Dr. Flanders. Interment will take place at Fernhill cemetery. Mr. Trueman for many years took a zealous interest in masonic affairs, and was one of the oldest members of Albion lodge, and also of Union of Molay Preceptory, Knights of Templars.

The funeral of Hamel Trueman will also take place tomorrow. Interment will be made in Fernhill and there will be service at the grave, to be conducted by Rev. Dr. Flanders.

SUDDEN DEATH OF R. O. STOCKTON ON SUNDAY

Seized with an attack of heart trouble Robert Oldfield Stockton, barrister-at-law and brother of the late A. A. Stockton, M. P., died very suddenly at 11 o'clock yesterday morning. The news of his passing away came as a great shock to his relatives and friends, as up to the hour of his death he enjoyed the best of health and all day Saturday was around attending to his legal duties.

He was one of St. John's best known legal practitioners. During his younger days, particularly when he was engaged in active practice and gave his time exclusively to the profession, he was considered as one of the most brilliant members of the bar. Of late years his time had been taken up considerably with his duties as registrar of the admiralty and exchequer courts.

As a citizen he was widely known. He was identified with many schemes meant for the betterment of the city and many years ago served as an alderman. He was prominently connected with several leading societies, particularly St. George's, in which he formerly held several offices.

He was a son of the late William Stockton and was born at Smith's Creek, Kings county, in 1847, and was a graduate of Mt. Allison and Harvard universities, receiving his degree in law from the latter. He is survived by two daughters, Mrs. J. Verner McLellan, of this city, and Mrs. Albert J. Webster, of Shediac. Three brothers and six sisters also survive. The brothers are William, Frank and Charles, of Sussex; the sisters, Mrs. Langstroth and Mrs. Teakles, Sussex; Mrs. Pickard, Sackville; Mrs. Keith and Mrs. Blakney, Petitcodiac; Miss Hattie Stockton, Sussex.

Mr. Stockton was a member of the Methodist church. The funeral will take place tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock from the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. Verner McLellan, 95 Coburg street. The services will be conducted by Rev. H. D. Marr and Rev. G. M. Campbell. Interment will be made at Sussex.

Ottawa, Feb. 5—The Canada Gazette announces the appointment of Captain George L. Wetmore, of Yarmouth (N. S.), to be port warden and harbor master of Yarmouth.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

THE LESSONS OF THE STREET

By Edwin H. Chapin

From "Humanity in the City" (New York and Boston, 1854), pages 20.25.

HERE sits the beggar, sick and pinched with cold; and there goes a man of no better flesh and blood, wrapped in comfort. There issues the whine of distress beside the glittering carriage wheels. There amidst the rush of gayety—the busy, selfish whirl—half naked, shivering, with her bare feet on the icy pavement, stands the little girl, with the shadow of an experience upon her that has made her old, and it may be, driven the angel from her face.

And here, too, through the brilliant street; and the broad light of day, walks purity, enshrined in the loveliest form of womanhood. And along that same street by night, attended by fitting shadows, strolls womanhood discrowned, clothed with painted shame, yet, even in the springs of that guilty heart, not utterly quenched. We render just homage to the one, we pour scorn upon the other; but, could we trace back the lines of circumstance, and inquire why the one stands guarded with such sweet respect, and why the other has fallen, we might raise problems with which we cannot tax Providence, which we may not lay altogether to the charge of the condemned, but for which we might challenge an answer from society.

But a solution of this problem, clearer perhaps than any other, appears when we consider another lesson of the street; a lesson which requires us to look a little deeper, but which, when we do look, is no less evident than these diversities. That lesson unfolds the essential unity of humanity. For we find that the differences between men are formal rather than real; that, with various outward conditions, they pass through the same great trials; and that the scales which seem to hang uneven at the surface, and to be tipped this way and that by the currents of worldly fortune, are very nearly balanced in the depths of the inner life. We are shallow judges of the happiness or the misery of others, if we estimate it by any marks that distinguish them from ourselves if for instance, we say that because they have more money they are happier, or because they live more meagrely they are more wretched. For, men are allied by much more than they differ. The rich man, rolling by in his chariot, and the beggar, shivering in his rags, are allied by much more than they differ. It is safer, therefore, to estimate our neighbor's real condition by what we find in our own lot, than by what we do not find there.

And now, see into what an essential unity this criteron draws the jostling, divergent masses in yonder street! Each man there, like all the rest, finds life to be a discipline. Each has his separate form of discipline ;but it bears upon the kindred spirit that is in every of us, and strikes upon motives, sympathies, faculties, that run through the common humanity. Surely, you will not calculate any essential difference from mere appearances; for the light laughter that bubbles on the lip often mantles over brackish depths of sadness, and the serious look may be the sober veil that covers a divine peace. You know that the bosom can ache beneath diamond brooches, and how many blithe hearts dance under coarse wool.

THE DE BERCY AFFAIR

BY GORDON HOLMES

Author of "A Mysterious Disappearance," "By Force of Circumstances," etc.

[Copyright by McLeod & Allen, Toronto]

CHAPTER XIV—(Continued).

"I will have no more wine or water—let me die!"

"Try and keep still, just a few moments, my dear one!" he murmured, smiling a fond smile of pain, and clasping her more tightly in a protecting arm. "You are going home, to your mother. You will soon be there, safe, with her."

"Oh!"—Then she recognized him, though there was still an uncanny wildness in her eyes. "I am free—it is you."

She seemed to falter for words, but raised her hands instinctively to her hair, knowing it to be all rumpled and dusty. Instinctively, too, she caught her hat from her knee, and put it on hurriedly. She could not know what stabs of pain these little feminine anxieties caused her lover. No spoken words could have portrayed the sufferings she had endured like unto her pitiful efforts to conceal their ravages. At last she recovered sufficiently to ask if her mother expected her.

"I am not sure," said Osborne. "I am not your deliverer; Inspector Furneaux discovered where you were, and went to your rescue."

"But you are with him!" and an appealing note of love, of complete confidence, crept into her voice.

"I merely happen to be with him, because he is now taking me to a felon's cell. But he lets me come in the cab with you, because he trusts me not to run away."

His smile was very sad and humble, and he had laid his disengaged hand on hers, yielding to a craving for sympathy in his forlorness. But memories were now thronging fast on her mind, and she drew herself away from both hand and arm. She recalled that her last sight of him was when in the embrace of Hylda Prout in his library; and, mixed with that vision of infamy, was a memory of her letter that had been opened, whose opening he had denied to her.

And that snatch of her hand as from a toad's touch, that shrinking from the pressure of his arm, froze him back into his loneliness of misery. They remained silent, each in a corner, a world between them, till the cab was nearly at the door in Porchester Gardens. Then he could not help saying from the depths of a heavy heart: (

"Probably I shall never see you again! It is good-by now; and no more Rosalind."

The words were uttered in a tone of such heart-rending sadness that they touched some nerve of pity in her. But she could find nothing to say, other than a quite irrelevant comment.

"I will tell my mother of your consideration for me. At least, we shall, we shall thank you."

"It ever you hear anything—of me—that looks black——" he tried to tell her, thinking of his coming marriage with Hylda Prout, but the explanation choked in his throat; he only managed to gasp in a quick appeal of sorrow: "Oh, remember me a little!"

The cab was at the door. She put out her hand, and he shook it; but did not offer to escort her inside the house. It was Furneaux who led her up the steps, and Osborne heard from within a shrill outcry from Mrs. Marsh. Furneaux waited until the door was closed. Then he rejoined Osborne. They went, without exchanging a syllable of talk, to Marlborough Street police-station, where Janoc and his sister were already lodged. Arrived there, Furneaux formally arrested him, "on suspicion," charged with the murder of Rose de Bercy.

"But why now?" asked Osborne again. "What has happened to implicate me now more than before?"

"Oh, many things have happened, and will happen, that as yet you know nothing of," said Furneaux, smiling at the stolid station inspector, a man incapable of any emotion, even of surprise, and Osborne was led away to be searched for concealed weapons, or poison, before being placed in a cell.

Half an hour afterwards Furneaux walked into Winter's quarters. His chief, writing hard, hardly glanced up, and for some time Furneaux stood looking at his one-time friend with the eyes of a scientist who contemplates a new fossil.

"Well, I have Osborne safe," he said at last.

"You have, have you?" muttered Winter scribbling rapidly, but a flush of anger rose on his forehead, and he added: "It will cost your reputation, my good fellow!"

"Is that all?" cried Furneaux mockingly. "Why, I was looking out for worse things than that!"

Winter threw down his pen.

"You informed me last night," he snarled, "that by this hour Miss Marsh would have returned to her home. I need not ask——"

"I have just taken her there," remarked the other coolly.

Winter was thoroughly nonplused. Every body, everything, seemed to be mad. He was staring at Furneaux when Clarke entered. The newcomer's hat was lifted a little backward, and there was an air of business-like haste in him from the creak of his boot soles to the drops of perspiration shining on his brow. He contrived to hold himself back just long enough to say, "Hello, Furneaux!" and then his burden of news broke from him:

"Well, I've got Janoc under lock and key all right."

"Oh, you've got somebody, too, have you?" groaned Winter. "And on what charge, pray, have you collared Janoc?"

"Why, what a question!" cried Clarke. "Didn't I tell you, sir——?"

"So true," said Winter; "I had almost forgotten. You've grabbed Janoc, and the genius of Mr. Furneaux is sated by arresting Mr. Osborne——"

Clarke slapped his thigh vigorously doubling up in a paroxysm of laughter.

"Osborne! Oh, not Osborne at this time of day!" He leered at Furneaux in comic wonder—he, who had never dared question aught done by the little man, save in the safe privacy of his thoughts.

"And I have arrested Pauline," said Winter in grim irony.

"Who has ?" asked Clarke, suddenly agape.

"I, I say. Pauline is my prize. I wouldn't be left out in the cold." And he added biterly: "We've all got one! —all guilty!—a lovely story it will make for the newspapers. I suppose, to keep up the screaming farce, that we each ought to contrive to have our prisoner tried in a different court!"

Clarke's hands went akimbo. He swelled visibly, grew larger, taller, and looked down from his Olympus at the others.

"But I never dream at night," he cried. "When I arrest a man for murder he is going to be hanged. You see, Janoc has confessed—that's all: he has confessed!

Winter leaped up.

"Confessed!" he hissed, unable to believe his ears.

"That's just it," said Clarke—"confessed!"

"But Pauline has confessed, too!" Winter almost screamed, confronting his subordinate like an adversary.

And while Clarke shrank, and gaped in dumb wonder, Furneaux, looking from one to the other, burst out laughing. Never a word he said, but turned in his quick way to leave the room. He was already in the corridor when Winter shouted:

"Come back, Furneaux!"

"Not I," was the defiant retort.

"Come back, or I shall have you brought back!"

Winter was in a white rage, but Furneaux pressed on daringly, whistling a tune, and never looking round. Clarke, momentarily expecting the roof of Scotland Yard to fall in, gazed from Furneaux to Winter and from Winter to Furneaux until the diminutive Jersey man had vanished round an angle of a long passage.

But nothing happened. Winter was beaten to his knees, and he knew it.

CHAPTER XV.

Clearing the Air.

Winter was far too strong a man to remain long buried in the pit of humiliation into which Furneaux, aided unwittingly by Clarke, had cast him. The sounds of Furneaux's jaunty footsteps had barely died away before he shoved aside the papers on which he had been engaged previously ,and reached across the table for a box of cigars.

He took one, and shoved the box towards Clarke, whose face was still glistening in evidence of his rush from Marlborough Street police-station.

"Here, you crack-pate!" he said, "smoke; it may clear your silly head."

"But I can't repeat too often that Janoc has confessed— confessed!" and Clarke's voice rose almost to a squeal on that final word.

"So has his sister confessed. In an hour or two, when the silence and horror of a cell have done their work, we shall have Osborne confessing, too. Oh, man, man, can't you see that Furneaux has twisted each of us round his little finger "

"But—sir——"

"Yes, I know," cried Winter, in a fume of wrath and smoke. "Believe these foreign idiots and we shall be hearing of a masked tribunal, glistening with daggers, a brace of revolvers in every belt—a dozen or more infuriated conspirators, cloaked in gaberdines, gathered in a West End flat, while a red-headed woman harangues them. Furneaux has fooled us,I tell you —deliberately brought the Yard into discredit—made us the laughing-stock of the public. Oh, I shall never——"

He pulled himself up, for Clarke was listening with the ears of a rabbit. Luckily, the detective's ideas were too self-concentrated to extract much food for thought from these disjointed outpourings.

"I don't wish to seem wanting in respect, sir," he said doggedly, "but have you forgotten the diary? Why, Rose de Bercy herself wrote that she would be killed either by C. E. F. or Janoc. Now ——"

"Did she mention Janoc?" interrupted Winter sharply. "In what passage? I certainly have forgotten that."

Clarke, stubborn as a mule, stuck to his point, though he felt he had committed himself.

"Perhaps I did wrong," he growled savagely, "but I couldn't help myself. You were against me all along, sir—now, weren't you?"

No answer. Winter waited, and did not even look at him.

"What was I to do?" he went on in desperation. "You took me off the job just as I was getting keen in it. Then I happened upon Janoc, and found his sister, and when I came across that blacked-out name in the diary I scraped it and sponged it until I could read what was written beneath. The name was Janoc!"

"Was it?" said Winter, gazing at him at last with a species of contempt. "And to throw dust in my eyes—in the eyes of your superior officer—you inked it out again?"

"Your wouldn't believe," muttered Clarke. "Why, you don't know half this story. I haven't told you yet how I found the daggers——"

"You don't say," mocked Winter.

"But I do, I did," cried Clarke, beside himself with excitement. "I took them out of Janoc's lodgings, and put them in a cab. I would have them in my hands this minute if some d—d thing hadn't occurred, some trick of fate——"

Winter stooped and unlocked a drawer in his writing-desk.

"Are these your daggers?" he demanded, though Clarke was shrewd enough, if in possession of his usual senses, to have caught the note of suppressed astonishment in the Chief Inspector's voice, since this was the first he had heard of Furneaux's deliberate pilfering of the weapons from his colleague.

But something was singing in Clarke's ears, and his eyes were glued on the blades resting there in the drawer. Denial was impossible. He recognized them instantly, and all his assurance fled from that moment.

"Well, there!" he murmured, in a curiously broken voice. "I give in! I'm done! I'm a baby at this game! Next thing, I suppose, I'll be asked to resign—me, who found 'em, and the diary, and the letter telling Janoc not to kill her—yet."

He was looking so fixedly at the two daggers that he failed to see the smile of relief that flitted over Winter's face. Now, more than ever, the Chief Inspector realized that he was dealing with one of the most complex and subtle crimes which had come within his twenty years of experience. He was well versed in Furneaux's sardonic humor, and the close friendship that had existed between them ever since the little Jersey man joined the Criminal Investigation Department had alone stopped him from resenting it. It was clear now to his quick intelligence that Furneaux had actually planned nearly every discovery which either he himself or Clarke had made. Why? He could not answer. He was moving through a fog, blind-folded, with hands tied behind his back. Search where he would, he could not find a motive, unless, indeed, Furneaux was impelled by that strangest of all motives, a desire to convict himself. At any rate, he did not want Clarke to tread on the delicate ground that must now be covered before Furneaux was arrested, and the happy accident which had unlocked Clarke's tongue with regard to the diary would serve admirably to keep him well under control.

(To be continued).

WHY I LOST MY JOB

Reasons Why Thousands Like Me Cannot Satisfy Their Employers.

"I believe my fate is not unlike that of thousands of other workers who daily lose their places for reasons they do not know, and probably would not believe. When their last pay envelope comes along it is usually "Your services no longer required." If the truth were known, the reason for their unceremonious removal would probably be that their usefulness was destroyed because of some mental worry, bodily ailment or general indisposition. These things, as we all know, are the most fruitful causes of failure in all walks of life. The battle of Waterloo was lost because of a headache. In this quick age our minds must be clear, rapid, active and free from outside influence or worry, or else we go down to failure with the throng of "floaters" who go from one place of employment to another, giving no satisfaction to others or to themselves, constantly growing older and less useful, with no ambition, no will power, and no hope.

Every man requires from every other man the best that is in him. But no man can use or get the best that is in himself until he is first free from all fretful indispositions and worries.

That was my trouble. I was full of troubles. That's why I lost my job. My stomach in the first place was always out of order, and I was worrying about it and my mind grew cloudy, and slow. I made mistakes, and grew grouchy. That was the end.

There are thousands like me, going about with "quick lunch" faces, dyspeptic manners, and repulsive atmospheres. No employer wants such men's services.

Take my advice. A healthy stomach is half the battle, for it keeps your mind clear, and your face rosy. I have a healthy stomach now and hold a good position, and my employer is satisfied and so am I.

I started to take Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets which I was told were good for the worst cases of indigestion and dyspepsia. The first two tablets made a wonderful difference in my condition.

One ingredient of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets digests 3,000 grains of food. The stomach doesn't have to work at all. The Tablets do all the work, no matter how heavy your meal.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets cure brash, eructations, burning sensations, bloat, irritations, loss of appetite, nausea, heartburn, lack of energy, loss of memory and dyspepsia and indigestion in their very worst forms.

No other little tablets in the world can do so much. You should carry them around with you wherever you go, and take them regularly after meals. Then you will realize what it is to be freed from stomach torment, and have a clear mind, a quick memory, a happy disposition, comfort and rest. Get Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at any drug store for 50c. a package.

Send us your name and address today and we will at once send you by mail a sample package, free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

In the cathedral last evening, at the monthly meeting of the Holy Name Society, Rev. A. W. Meahan continued his series of addresses on Church History. After reference to the effect of the work of Luther upon religion, he took up the situation in England at the period, the birth of Henry VIII., his marriage to Catherine of Aragon and the entrance of Anne Boleyn into the nation's history. There was a large gathering of men of the society.

SPECIALS AT CORBET'S

Men's $10.00 Suits for $5.50
Men's Fur Band Caps 75c. for 48c.
Men's Coat Sweaters $1.25 for 89c.

Also great bargains in Men's Derby Hats.

AT

CORBET'S

196 Union Street

NEW BRITISH COINS READY FOR ISSUE

Sovereign, Shilling and Halfpenny With Portrait of King George — The Coronation Dresses

London, Feb. 6—The first practical manifestation of the coronation has been produced at the mint in the form of a partial issue of the new coinage. The new sovereign, shilling and halfpenny are ready for distribution to the public, and these will be followed after a time by the other coins. It will, no doubt, be some time before this new coinage is in actual circulation, as it is not the habit of the mint to issue it on a certain date, but to make its issue dependent on the gradual withdrawal of the coinage of the last reign.

The design, as is well known, was entrusted to Bertram Mackennal, A. R. A., who has produced a fine portrait of the king. There has been no change in the other design for these coins, the sovereign still having the St. George, the shilling the lion and the halfpenny the Britannia, as a reverse to the king's portrait. The inscription as now given reads as follows: "Georgius V. D. G. Britt: Omn: F D. Ind: Imp; which means, "George V. by the grace of God, King of all Britain, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India."

Another important feature of the coronation from the point of view of the British manufacturers, is a conference of silk manufacturers, merchants and shopkeepers held in consequence of the decision of the queen that her coronation dresses shall be entirely of British make and material and her implied desire that people generally should follow her example. The meeting was called together by the Silk Association of Great Britain and Ireland and steps were taken to further Her Majesty's wishes.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

MUST PASS WHOLE, BILL OR NOT AT ALL

Washington, Feb. 4—That the Canadian reciprocity agreement must stand or fall as a whole in the house committee on ways and means was made clear today by Chairman Payne during the progress of hearings that occupied the entire day.

A proposal of Representative Fordney in the morning for an amendment to the lumber schedule and anotner reference in the afternoon to a possible amendment of the item making barley free, were met by the unequivocal statement of the chairman that the committee would sanction no change of any item.

Notwithstanding this fact the pressure brought to bear on the committee has resulted in the granting of hearings to all persons who appear in Washington prior to 5 o'clock next Thursday afternoon, Feb. 9. This date was fixed to permit Pacific coast lumbermen to reach Washington and make statements.

"The hearings will be confined to new conditions that have arisen since the hearing on the general tariff bill two years ago," said Chairman Payne. "It is not the committee's purpose to go into a second edition of hearings on the general tariff subject."

Your Chance Good Yet!

On account of the bad weather during our sale which prevented all our friends taking advantage of the exceptionally low prices we decided to continue the sale for **Two More Weeks.**

The entire store is brim-full of bargains—all goods new and of good quality. DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY to buy seasonable goods at practically your own price.

N. J. LAHOOD, 282 Brussels Street Cor. Hanover.

SUFFERED THREE YEARS

Till Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills cured his Kidney Trouble

There are few diseases that cause more acute suffering than Kidney Trouble, and Mr. P. A. Thomas, of Sudbury Ont., is one of those who know it. He writes:

"For over three years I suffered from kidney disease. First I thought I had sprained my back, for suddenly the pain would catch the small of my back and it would be impossible for me to straighten myself up for several minutes. A dull ache across the kidneys was always present, my urine was thick and cloudy, and passing it caused burning, scalding pain. Tried medicines but they failed. I was advised to try Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills, as they had cured my wife years before. A few boxes effected a complete cure. I now enjoy the blessings of good health which I owe due to this remedy."

Don't neglect kidney trouble—it's too dangerous as well as too painful. That old, reliable family remedy, Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills, has cured thousands and will cure you. It is equally effective in curing constipation and its attendant evils, biliousness, indigestion and sick headaches, and in purifing the blood. 25c a box at your druggist's. 10

MEN'S COAT SWEATERS

Worth $1.25 - For 98c.

MEN'S DOUBLE SWEATERS

Worth $2.00, - For $1.48

MEN'S D.B. CARDIGAN JACKETS

Worth $2.00, - For $1.48

Dock Street **WILCOX'S,** Market Square